

where the scenery is finest there is always something lacking. There is no atmosphere. All is sharp, colourless, naked. Even many of the flowers are queer, and some are positively ugly. Many have thorns, some are leather-like, others woolly, a few sticky. Inconspicuous flowers and large leathery leaves are very common. The seed-vessels of some are far prettier than the flowers, and brighter in colour. In several the calyx grows after the corolla has withered, and becomes bright pink or orange, like a very gay but only partially - opened blossom. *Umbelliferce* predominate this month. *Composites* too are numerous. All, even bulbs, send down their roots very deep.

After leaving camp yesterday and crossing a high pass we descended into the earth's interior, only to ascend a second pass by a steep zigzag. Suddenly a wall of rock appeared as if to bar progress, but on nearing it a narrow V-shaped slit was seen to afford a risky passage, offering no other foothold than smooth shelving rock on the inside for a number of yards, with a precipice above on the right and below on the left. Ledges of slippery rock led up to it, and *Screw* was jumping and scrambling up these when the guides howled to me to stop, and I was lifted off somehow. The white Arab was rolling and struggling in the V, *Screw* following lost his footing, and the two presented a confusion of hoofs and legs in the air and bodies struggling and rolling through the slit till

they picked themselves up with cut legs.
The guides
tried vainly to find some way by which the
caravans
which followed much later might avoid this
risk, and the
Agha went down the pass which had been so
laboriously
ascended to give directions for its passage.

The *charvadars* on reaching the
difficulty made
attempts to turn it but failed; some loads
were taken
off and carried by men, and each mule
struggled safely